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THE YEAR

FORTY-ONE.

Carmen Seculare.

Quas res luxuries in flagitiis, avaritia in rapinis, superbia in contumeliis efficere potuisset, eas omnes SESE *hoc in prætore per* * TRIENNIUM *pertulisse aiebant.*

CICERO.

* Read it *now* SEPTENNIUM, *meo Periculo*, BENTLEIUS.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. HUGGONSON, in *Sword-and-Buckler-Court*, on *Ludgate-Hill.* M. DCC. XLI.

(Price One Shilling.)

This Day is publiſh'd, Price 1s.

THE Great Man's Anſwer to Are Theſe Things So? In a Dialogue between his Honour, and the Engliſhman in his Grotto.

Qui capit——

By the Author of Are These Things So? Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Paternoſter-Row. *Where may be had,*

(The Second Edition corrected, with the Addition of twenty Lines omitted thro' the Timorouſneſs of the Printer, in the former Impreſſions; with a Preface by the Author) Are Theſe Things So? The Previous Queſtion, from an Engliſhman in his Grotto, to a Great Man at Court.

Luſiſti ſatis, Ediſti ſatis, atque Bibiſti
(alias BRIBISTI)
TEMPUS ABIRE TIBI—— Hor.

'There being little Reaſon left to 'hope that either the Great Man, or his 'Tools, would put in a ſatisfactory Re'ply to that ſhrewd Queſtion, ARE 'THESE THINGS So? the Engliſhman 'himſelf has moſt obligingly ſav'd them 'the Labour: Having juſt given us the 'Pleaſure of an imaginary Tete-a-Tete 'Converſation Piece between his Honour 'and himſelf; in which he has ſo happily interwoven the Subſtance in a 'thouſand Gazetteers, that (were it not 'for the Vein of Irony which runs thro' 'it, and the Wit and Humour it every 'where abounds with,) one would be 'apt to think it was really taken from 'the Life. See the Champion, No. 173.

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Balm conceal'd;
But Poiſon if diſcover'd. Maſſin.

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Monſtrum horrendum informe ingens cui
lumen Adeptum. Virg.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 2 56 MAR

To Her GRACE the

Dutcheſs Dowager of MARLBOROUGH.

MADAM,

THE YEAR FORTY-ONE throws itſelf, with ſome Confidence, at your Grace's Feet for Protection, there being no one living to whom an honeſt Satire on the Degeneracy of the Age could be ſo properly addreſſed as to your Grace, who has at all times ſignalized yourſelf by a firm Attachment to the Cauſe of Liberty, and by bravely ſtanding up to ſtem that Torrent of publick Enormities, which has of late bore in upon us with ſuch Power and great Glory.

The *Carmen Seculare* of the Ancients, MADAM, was a Hymn to the Gods by way of *Te Deum* for the publick Bleſſings they enjoyed, and to invoke a Continuance of them, and was performed at their *ſecular Games*, which were celebrated once in a Century; ſuch was that of *Horace* in the times of *Auguſtus*, and ſuch would This have been, had it appeared in thoſe glorious Days, when the immortal MARLBOROUGH preſided in the Buſineſs of the Publick.

But alas the times of *Reverſing* are come; all the Honour which was then won to the *Britiſh* Arms by that victorious

victorious Prince, has ſince been meanly negotiated away; and that State of Independency both at home and abroad, for which the generous Labours of his Life were exerted, been barter'd for a State of----a very different Nature.

The haughty GAUL who then trembled at the Name of *Britain*, and ſcarce thought himſelf ſecure in his own Capital, now like the *fourth Beaſt* in *Daniel*'s Viſion, is become *dreadful and terrible, and ſtrong exceedingly, having great Iron Teeth, and devouring and breaking every thing in Pieces, and ſtamping the Reſidue with its Feet; and having a Mouth ſpeaking great Things, and whoſe Look is more ſtout than his Fellows.*

That your Grace may find your laudable Endeavours towards remedying theſe publick Miſchiefs crown'd with Succeſs, and ſee ſuch a happy Change accompliſh'd in the Land, as to place it in a Condition of granting thoſe Terms to LIBERTY, which ſhe is made to demand in the Concluſion of this Piece, in order to return to us again, is the Prayer of Millions, and of none more ſo, than of

MADAM,

Your Grace's moſt obedient,

and moſt humble Servant.

THE

THE

YEAR FORTY-ONE.

Carmen Seculare.

IT's finish'd —— lo the long PREDICTED YEAR!
Lo FORTY ONE's black *Cycle* re-appear!

See ev'ry Vice in gay ſucceſſion riſe,
That can pollute the Earth, or ſcale the Skies!

All private Faith become a publick Jeſt,
All publick Sanction, *Neutral* at the beſt;
All foreign Influence an empty Name,
All home Proſperity, alas! the ſame.
All Power ONE's Property, all Honours Pay,
And all Religion —— why, a *mock Faſt-day*.

Behold Corruption tour it through the Land,
Whilſt Knights and Nobles hold her out the Hand,
Without a Bluſh in *meek* Dependance wait,
For who ſo *poor in Spirit* as the *Great?*
For Penſions give each native Right away,
Or for a paltry Place each Truſt betray;
For Strings and Titles damn their Progeny,
To gilded Chains and pageant Poverty;
Tranſmit a *Curſe* in ev'ry *venal* Vote,
And *Nightſhade* in the *Star-infected* Coat.

No lib'ral Art now meets the leaſt Support,
No publick Virtue finds one Friend at Court;
None are preferr'd but who can ſerve the Times,
None puniſh'd who can pay but for their Crimes.

The *landed* Rogue may traffick in Offence,
And ſleep ſecure in his Omnipotence;
And *branded* Sharpers ſkreen'd by *knaviſh* Gain,
May *Captains*, *Senators*, Sir *Blue-Strings* reign,
Nay e'en the ſpotleſs *Woolpack* may prophane.
Whilſt ev'ry honeſt Man who ſhuts his Gate,
Againſt the *Bribe* or *Menace* of the Great,
Bleſs'd in his little *Independant* State,
Like a dead Member from the Body's rent,
A Limb quite *uſeleſs* to the Government.

The *Soldier* who of old to Toils inur'd,
Was only in the Field of War endur'd;
Now, for a very *diff'rent* End obtain'd,
In Sloth and Riot is at *Home* maintain'd;
Dreſs, Dancing, Drinking, Gaming his Delight,
His *Conqueſt* in *Elections* not in *Fight:*
Whilſt the *pick'd* Magiſtrate, by Office ty'd
To ſee ſtrict Juſtice done on *every* ſide,
Lets himſelf out to ſhameful *Hire*, and acts
Juſt as the *Pence* direct, and not the *Facts*,

Who

Who, whilſt he hangs a petty Thief or Whore,
Refuſes *legal Voters* by the *Score*,
And ſwears, for *S---d---n*, *One* and *One* make *Four*.

Our *Prieſts* too preach for *Hire*, for *Hire* they plead
Corruption's Cauſe, or any Cauſe they're bid;
Leaving their Flocks to feed themſelves, while they
To *Baal* bow, and in *High Places* pray;

O for a Muſe of Fire! * as *Shakeſpear* cries,
But not to paint a *Henry*'s Victories,
To ſing *France conquer'd* by *Britannia*'s Bands,
Or *Albion* giving Laws to diſtant Lands;
No---to deſcribe our *Eminence* in *Shame*,
Our *Impotence* in all that *merits* Fame;
Our Sinews quite unnerv'd, our Spirits broke,
Our Necks bow'd down beneath the *Gallick* Yoke;
Our Lux'ry at the *higheſt* it can go,
Our Wealth and Trade as infamouſly *low*;
The Crouds of *Drones* in Offices at home,
The ſhoals of *Locuſts* brought from *France* and *Rome*;

* Vide the Prologue to *Shakeſpear's Henry V.*

Such

Such *new-born* Taxes whilſt the *old* exiſt,
Such *Dowries* paid, yet ſuch a *Civil-Liſt*;
Such Treating, Voting, Swearing, Bribing, Biting,
Such *Dearth* of Learning, yet ſuch *Crops* of Writing,
With all that profligate Degeneracy,
Which reigns in each Sex, Station, and Degree.

Now Liberty, thou heav'nly Gueſt, farewel,
Source of all Bleſſings where thou deign'ſt to dwell:
Adieu — no longer can we hope thy Stay,
Since *Britain*'s abject Sons renounce thy Sway;
On Ruin bent, and Suppliants for Thrall,
They court thy Abſence to compleat their Fall.
But ſay, great Patroneſs, what barren Iſle,
Will't thou from hence impregnate with thy Smile?
What diſtant Region for thy *Mountain* mark,
Where to unload thy *Science-freighted* Ark,
And ſet up next thy Candle in the dark?
Go, *humanize* a yet untutor'd Herd,
Hapleſs joint Tenants with the Wolf and Pard,
League them in a refin'd Community,
And make of Savages what Men ſhould be.

Teach them from Fraud and Rapine to refrain,
And publick Good prefer to private Gain;
Learn them the Homage due to Heav'ns high King,
And what rich Fruits from ſocial Virtues ſpring.
Then plant the *finer Taſte*, prepare the Way
For Science's and Wiſdom's lib'ral Sway;
Bid Learning dawn, Art after Art ariſe,
Lights, which alas! are *ſetting* in our Skies,
POESY, Queen of the reſplendent Train,
Who, with ſoft warbling or deep ſwelling Strain,
Maſters the various Paſſions as they roll,
And captivates each Centry of the Soul;
With Tongue of *Seraph*, Truths divine unfolds,
Or to the Fool and Knave her *Mirror* holds;
To godlike Acts the gen'rous Breaſt inflames,
Or the fell Rage of dire Ambition tames;
Wings the rapt Heart to Heav'n in grateful Flight,
And makes *Earth* own, *whatever is is right.*

With her, fair Siſters! PAINTING, Hand in Hand,
And MUSICK, leading up the ſacred Band.

PAINTING,

PAINTING, that with a half-creative Pow'r,
Calls forth new Worlds, and bids new *Edens* flow'r,
To the blank Canvas mimick Life imparts,
And *Forms* ſo fair they ſteal ev'n *real* Hearts;
In active Group hiſtorick Deeds diſplays,
Or charms the Senſe in Fables flow'ry Maze;
Beams moral Lights inſtructive o'er the Soul,
And ſpreads the *Galaxy* to Virtue's Goal.

Whilſt, ſweet Inforcer of the Poets Lays,
MUSICK in meaning Sounds ſtrong Senſe conveys;
Can each reſpondent Paſſion ſpur, or rein,
And vary ev'ry Pulſe with ev'ry Strain;
Raiſe with a *Note* of Rapture the Depreſs'd,
Or quell th' Outrageous with a dead'ning *Reſt*;
Plunge the ſtruck Heart in ſympathetick Woe;
Or with imputed Ardors make it glow:
In *Cytherea*'s ſilken Cordage bind,
Or tune to *ſocial* Harmony, the Mind.
With theſe the reſt in radiant Order join,
Till the whole Sky of Science cloudleſs ſhine.

SCULP-

SCULPTURE with ſtately Attitude and Mien,
And ev'ry Thought in ev'ry Feature ſeen;
High-ſwelling Muſcles that full Vigour prove,
Yet ſoft and ſmiling as the Queen of Love.
And fine-proportion'd ARCHITECTURE, free
From lumpiſh Pomp, or glaring Levity;
Her Temples crown'd with the *Corinthian Wreath*,
Her Limbs like *Doric Pillars* firm beneath;
Her Form adorn'd with each *Ionic* Grace,
And the bright *Mixt* reſplendent in her Face.

LOGIC in meditated Pace ſecure,
Moving by *Mood* and *Figure*, ſlow yet ſure,
That dares, undaunted, dang'rous Truths avow,
With keen Conviction flaſhing from her Brow;
And rapid ELOQUENCE with matchleſs Force,
That bears down all Reſiſtance in her Courſe;
And as ſhe wroth or ſorrowful appears,
Can rouſe our Rage, or triumph in our Tears;
Pour the avenging Thunder when ſhe pleaſe,
Or, ſlack'ning, ſink in liſtleſs lifeleſs Eaſe.

Then

Then, laſt of all, to *crown* the gen'rous Taſk,
And grant to Man the *utmoſt* Man can aſk,
Erect a *Publick Rule*, divinely plann'd
For *Publick Good*, by thy unerring Hand;
Where different Powers in due Proportion join,
Pois'd and adjuſted to *one* great Deſign;
Steering with equal Courſe the *middle* Way,
'Twixt *Democratic* and *Tyrannic* Sway;
Tho' mild not looſe, tho' juſt yet not ſevere,
Alike from Rapine and Profuſion clear;
By COUNCILS *independant*, wiſe and juſt,
Taught to *diſcern* and to *diſcharge* its Truſt;
To cheriſh, guide, protect, exalt, refine,
And, to the *human*, link the Chain *divine*;
To keep an Eye attentive ſtill on *Thee*,
And make a People *happy*, *great*, and *free*.
Till other *Locks* and *Newtons* ſhall ariſe,
Another *Marlbro'* other *Gauls* chaſtiſe;
New *Miltons* and new *Drydens* ſtrike the Lyre,
Argyles and *Pultneys* Patriot Zeal inſpire;

New *Burleighs* and new *Raleighs* hold the Rein,
And new *Elizabeths* and----*Georges* Reign;
Whilſt WE, deſerted, and in Bondage bound,
With Horrors, Clouds, and Darkneſs circled round,
See *Dullneſs* lift her *conſecrated* Head,
And ſmile to view her dark Dominion ſpread;
Chaos o'er all his leaden Sceptre rear,
And not *one Beam* throughout the Gloom appear.

" Stay, Sir, ſays ONE, whence pray this groundleſs Cry?
" *I do not find* the times ſo bad, not I;
" I marvel at the People's Diſcontent,
" When things go on *ſo* in the Government!
" Our glorious Monarch's *ſafe* return'd in Peace,
" After his godlike Toils to make *War ceaſe*
" *In all the World*----his Miniſters quite ſure,
" For *ſeven* Years more at leaſt to reign ſecure;
" Our S----te like a Flock of *Sheep* behold,
" With Tranſport trotting to their ſacred Fold,
" Obedient to their *Shepherd*'s Voice"--*hold, hold*"--

" Our *Troops* abroad have got their Tents aſhore,
" And well entrench'd will run no Hazards more;
" Our *Fleets* at home ride gallantly about,
" And the *third* time Sir JOHN's *come in* as *whole* as he *went out* *.
" As for our *Taxes* too, they're *ſtrangely low*,
" Conſidering the *Ways* they have to *go*;
" And *Commerce* ſure is in a fine Condition,
" When, like ſuch *Sturdy Beggars*, CITS petition—

But what of thoſe *brave Youths* led out a Prey
To *pois'nous* Seaſons, and a *blund'ring* Sway?
Or that *unhappy* CHIEF, by *Britons* wept!
So *long* at home, for *ſuch* a *Cargo*, kept,
Then, *Pedlar-like*, ſent to th' *Antipodes*,
Juſt *time* to *fight* with *Equinoctial* Seas?
What of that godlike MARLBRO' of the *Main*,
Left *unſupply'd*, and now *call'd home* again?
Or of our num'rous Veſſels *captive* made
On our *own Coaſts*, for want of *purchas'd* Aid?

* The Reader will pardon the *wonderful* length of this Line, on account of the *wonderful Intelligence* it contains.

What

What of a ſtrange *Neutrality* avow'd,
Or of a ſtranger *Peace* that's rumour'd loud?
What of theſe things, d'ye ſay, and *more* like theſe,
Which *fill* the *Meaſure* up of * *our Iniquities?*

" You may abuſe the *Times*, Sir, in your Rage,
" But, troth, to ME it is the *golden Age.*"
To you! ſo much the worſe to us I deem,
For well you know, when one voracious Limb
Draws the ſole Nutriment from all the reſt,
The Body muſt be *mortally* diſtreſt;
The more *you thrive*, then, *we're* the more undone---
" Dreams! Dreams! Sir"---Dreams, d'ye ſay?---I'll tell
you one.

From that fam'd Cliff where *Dover*'s Ramparts riſe,
Cool'd of the toilſome Scorch of Summer Skies
Returning late, I ſlumber'd on my Bed,
All Care, but Care for thee my Country! fled;
When Fancy ſtrait her magick Curtain drew,
And ope'd this *viſionary* Scene to view;

* Some future Criticks may peradventure read, YOUR.

---Me-

---Methought, on the bleak Beach BRITANNIA ſate,
'Wailing, with NEPTUNE, her diſaſtrous Fate.
Whilſt dreary *Tritons* ſtood lamenting round,
Making the Rocks with their loud Plaints reſound;
Sunk in *Deſpair* ſhe, ſick'ning, *droop'd* the Head,
The *Laurel* Wreath that grac'd her Temples, dead,
And the cold *Poppy* nodding in its ſtead.
" All's loſt, ſhe cry'd, my Empire is no more,
" *Freedom* and *Fame* are fled my mouldring Shore;
" Freedom, which *Britiſh* Hearts at home creates,
" And Fame, which *Britiſh* Worth abroad relates;
" Whilſt I"---with that big Tears guſh'd out again,
Which gave new Saltneſs to the briny Main---
" Whilſt I amongſt the Nations *once* renown'd,
Am now become the *Scoff* of all around.

She ſaid---when thus the Monarch of the Main,
With Sighs reply'd---fair Siſter I complain
Of Wrongs that match with yours---this *Albion*, long
My darling Iſle, by *me* enrich'd and ſtrong,
Dares ſcorn my Succour, and ungrateful boaſt
Its Safety in a vain *unnat'ral* Hoſt;

The *Britiſh* Sea muſt yield to the *Parade*,
And *Vernon*'s *Colours* ſtrike to *W----s Cockade*;
Whilſt our fair Fleets lie bridled on the Deep,
Their Thunder huſh'd in ignominious Sleep;
For why--- ſome *evil Genius*, to our Shame,
Sate at the *Helm*, and check'd our native Flame;
Gave up to *Worms* and *Spaniards* for a Spoil,
The Veſſels, Sons and Commerce of our Iſle;
In *coward Treaties* parly'd with the Foe,
And *begg'd* as *Alms* our Ships in Peace might go.

BRITANNIA ſigh'd, and with uplifted Eyes,
In ardent Prayer to LIBERTY applies;
" Come, *Bliſs-creative Parent!* once more come,
" And meet thy *eldeſt Son* returning home,
" Paſt Crimes thy *Prodigal* repentant mourns,
" Implores thy Sight, and for thy Bleſſing burns;
" Come, take th' expiring Suppliant in" ſhe cry'd,
When o'er the Main the heavenly Maid ſhe ſpy'd;
Th' obedient deep her balmy Breath control'd,
Whilſt in ſoft Curls the flatt'ring Billows roll'd;

For

For-ever-blooming Roſes crown'd her Head,
And her ſpread Wings enchanting Odours ſhed;
Wheree'er ſhe came appear'd a double Die,
The Sea ſhone greener, and more blue the Sky:
An azure Mantle o'er her Shoulders flow'd,
Which with the various Hues of *Iris* glow'd;
The Vi'let, Hyacinth, and Pink were there,
And all the Beauties of the opening Year.
Not ſo, emboſs'd with Gems, around the Loins
Of *India*'s Kings, the regal Girdle ſhines,
Nor *Juno*'s Bird on the Cærulean Plain,
Diſplays ſuch Colours in her Eye-fraught Train.

Inſtant upon the wave-waſh'd Beach SHE light,
And thus, *half-ſmiling*, did BRITANNIA greet:
" Great QUEEN of NATIONS, I'll attend thy Pray'r,
" And take thy Sons once more into my Care,
" If they'll, by Acts like theſe, my *Way prepare*;
To publick *Juſtice* publick *Plund'rers* bring,
And *take the Wicked from before the King*;
Purge the *diſtemper'd* Land of that dire Crew,
The *low Corrupt* and *high Corruptors* too;

And

And yet the fatal Malady's ſo *great*,
To *Cure* will be *unpeop'ling* of the State.
Pois'nous *Corruption!* thou eternal Bane,
To Virtue's, Liberty's, and Wiſdom's Reign;
In this poor Iſle what Havock haſt thou made?
Of late, O fatal *Traffick!* her *ſole* Trade;
How mildew'd ev'ry *Science*, ev'ry *Art*,
Crept to the *Conſtitution's* very *Heart*,
And made her S---tes, on whoſe Breath depend
Her Bliſs and Safety, thy black Cauſe befriend!

When *Righteouſneſs* ſhall, then, *exalt the Throne*,
And *publick Spirit* at the *Helm* be ſhewn;
When *Independant* Powers in S---te meet,
And *Courtier* does not mean the ſame as *Cheat*,
When copying theſe, and copy them they will,
For as the *Fountain* flows ſo runs the *Rill*,
Rank below *Rank* prove worthy of my Reign,
LIBERTY, fair BRITANNIA's thine *again!*—
—BRITANNIA bow'd—I 'woke, and cry'd AMEN.

FINIS.